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# Victory Verse

BY

MAY HARTLEY DeMONEY



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Book E5433A5

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# Victory Verse

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MAY HARTLEY DeMONEY



CHICAGO

1918

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Lovingly dedicated to the Brave Boys in Khaki and Blue  
and to all who in the smallest degree  
helped to win the Victory.

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## OUR FLAG

HAIL, mighty flag of our Union!  
The Stars and Stripes—Red, White and  
Blue—  
May it wave forever and ever  
O'er the land of the brave and the true.

Raise it on high, "Old Glory";  
Guard well, and keep as of old,  
Let not an eye be lifted  
That does not honor each fold.

Great glorious Emblem of Liberty,  
Wave thy message o'er land and sea;  
Tell to all Nations thy story  
Of the beautiful land of the free.

## MY COUNTRY CALLS

I HEAR my Country calling—  
She's calling you and me  
Our hearts are all united  
And fixed on Liberty.  
"Old Glory" waves the message  
Far over land and sea  
The Union Forever—boys—  
And glorious Victory.

Farewell my Land of promise—  
Farewell dear Liberty;  
Thy torch shall brighten all our paths  
And lead us Home to thee.  
Dear God be Thine the Glory  
Our faith looks up to Thee  
Thy Starry Emblem glorified,  
Shall wave for Victory.

## COMRADES

HELLO! old pal, and what are you in  
And where do you go from here?  
Oh, I'm in the Artillery  
And you, my friend most dear?

I'm off for France next week, old pal  
And I'll look for you "Over there,"  
And we'll meet the boys who've been fighting  
And give them a rousing cheer.

We'll say, "Hurrah for the Union"  
"Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue"  
"Hurrah for our mothers and sweethearts  
Who are so fond and true.

And we'll show them, that right is might boys  
And it won't be very long,  
Till we come back home and sing aloud  
A grand and glorious song.

To Him who watched and kept us  
Each one of us day by day,  
And brought us all back safely home  
From out the dreadful fray.

We'll sing "Glory to God in the Highest"  
"On Earth Peace, and Good Will to Men"  
And we'll sing it over, and over, and over  
And then, over and over again.

## O'ER THE BOUNDING WAVES

YE ho, Lads, Ye ho Lads,  
We're sailing o'er the sea  
Ye ho, lads, Ye ho lads  
To fight for Liberty.

What care we for hardships  
We know naught of fear  
We're sailing o'er the briney deep  
To fight for home so dear.

So o'er the bounding waves we go  
We'll soon be "Over There"  
To help them wave the Stars and Stripes  
Content to do and dare.

Farewell dear old United States  
In God we put our trust  
We'll soon return Victorious  
For our cause we know is just.

We'll carry on across the sea  
We'll carry on for Liberty  
And then sail home again to thee  
When we have gained the Victory.

## “DADDY’S BOY”

MY Daddy has gone to be a Soldier  
And fight for his Country and Flag,  
And he left me to take care of Mother  
And told me to be a brave lad.

So I’m not going to tease or be naughty  
And I’m not going to cry any more,  
But I’ll be just like my Daddy wants me to be  
And help mother all through the war.

My Daddy and I are partners  
And Mother’s his sweetheart you see,  
And sweethearts must be protected  
And Daddy has left that to me.

So I’ll kiss her like Dad in the morning  
And I’ll hold her hand tight all the night,  
And I’ll buy sweet for-get-me-not flowers  
And put in, “To My Dear Little Wife.”

And I jest won’t let her be lonesome  
And I know God will answer my prayer,  
To send my Daddy back home again  
And keep him in His care.

## AMERICA

"AMERICA," my Home land, the dear land  
of the free,  
The land our fathers fought for that we might  
have Liberty,  
We'll fight again, as they fought, until the  
battle's won,  
Then back again to "HOME SWEET HOME"  
and U. S. A. we'll come.

Each Soldier waits the summons of the bugle's  
welcome call,  
Each one is ever ready for the fray,  
We are marching on to Victory and we're  
going to show old "Fritzie"  
That for Freedom's cause we're fighting  
every day.

So keep rallying 'round the Flag, the old Red,  
White and Blue;  
And soon again we'll cross the ocean's wave,  
We'll bid good-bye to France and Britain  
So jest put up all your knitting  
And meet us when we land in U. S. A.

## “SOLDIERS OF YESTERDAY”

BRAVE heroes of Yesterday,  
Do you think we will ever forget  
Your wondrous deeds of valor  
And your courage while we slept?

Soldier boys of the days gone by  
Who fought the bitter fight  
That today we might have freedom  
From a reigning King of might.

We'll fight again as you fought—  
And God grant that we may win  
As you did in the long ago,  
And crush this greed-crazed King.

Our boys have crossed the water,  
The ocean great and wide,  
To stand by England, Italy, France,  
And now fight side by side.

Could you raise your heroic heads  
And view the battle fields,  
You'd be proud and greatly honored  
At their courage and their zeal.

Brave heroes of the Civil War,  
You lads of the Blue and the Gray,  
Who fought with Lincoln, Grant and Lee,  
We honor you today.

We have faith that your courage and valor  
Runs high in your sons' veins,  
And they'll return victorious  
And “Peace on Earth” shall reign.

So here's to the heroes of long ago,  
Here's to the Blue and the Gray,  
Here's to our Flag—Red, White and Blue—  
And the boys who are fighting today.

## “OVER THE TOP”

“OVER the Top,” boys, over the top,  
Over the top you go,—  
Over into “No Man’s Land”  
To fight the bitter foe.

Strike for home and Country, lads—  
God’s with you, do not fear,  
Keep to your guns and conquer the “Huns”  
And show them how to cheer.

Fight like men and Soldiers  
And when the conflict’s a’er  
You’ll not be ashamed of the Victory you  
gained  
In this ruthless, terrible War.

Then forward, upward and onward,  
Over hill and glen,  
The bravest, and noblest, of heroes—  
The glorified of men.

## “GOD WATCH O’ER OUR BOYS”

EACH evening at the close of day  
When the twilight shadows fall  
Methinks I hear you whispering dear  
Methinks I hear you call.  
And o’er me comes a stealing  
A blessed sweet repose,  
My thoughts are wafted to you dear  
As my eyelids gently close.

Oh, God of love who watcheth  
The smallest sparrow fall  
Will Thou watch very tenderly  
O’er our lads, one and all,  
Comfort and help and guide them  
All through the live long day  
And send them home Victorious  
To Thee we pray.

The battle now is raging  
Far o’er the deep blue sea—  
And He who gave us Freedom  
Will grant us Victory.  
I know not when the day or hour  
The message we’ll receive  
But this I know He’ll answer prayers  
If we in Him believe.

Each evening as the sun goes down,  
I sit and dream of you  
Each evening mids’t the quiet hours  
My thoughts are fond and true.  
Methinks I hear you whisper  
Once more as down the lane  
Be brave and watch and pray my dear  
Till I come home again.

## MOTHERS LETTER

DEAREST mother I am writing,  
Just a line or two tonight  
Telling you that I am happy  
And I'm feeling quite alright.

Twinkling stars are up above me  
And the silvery moon beams bright  
God is watching over all dear  
Answering your prayer tonight.

All the boys are gathered round me  
Sitting in the camp fire's glow  
Telling tales of love's devotion  
Singing songs of long ago.

How I wish that they might know you  
Mother mine, so kind and dear—  
I can hear your soft voice praying,  
For the lads way over here.

We are hoping, and are trusting,  
That all will not be in vain,  
And we'll live to tell the story  
How we fought with might and main.

## “THE CALL OF THE CROSS”

HARK, to the call of the great Red Cross,  
To its message from over the sea,  
From the brave, dear, wounded laddies  
Who are fighting for you and for me.

Lis't to the cry of the children  
As the echo reaches our shores  
From far off France and Belgium;  
Oh! give, from your bounteous store.

This blood Red Cross of our nation  
Helps to succor, comfort, and guide  
The dear lads who might perish  
Without courage and strength to abide.

Give as you value your Freedom;  
Give as the widow her mite;  
Give as you'd be given unto;  
Give for justice and the right.

Wait not until tomorrow—  
For tomorrow may never come  
To some of our loved ones “Over There”  
Who are stricken now by the “Hun.”

The great Red Cross like a Shepherd  
Watches over the “Ninety and Nine”  
And God in His infinite wisdom  
In their hearts hath love enshrined.

So Help them I pray with their labors;  
Oh! let them not plead in vain,  
And our lads shall return, Victorious—  
And—Peace on Earth—again reign.

## THE NURSE

IF I had the wings of a dove I would fly  
Far over the restless sea—  
To a brave dear soldier laddie  
Who is watching and longing for me.

I'd fly straight to the side of some laddie  
And there content would I be  
To wait and watch, and hope, and pray,—  
Till we gained the Victory.

I'd hover round the helpless ones—  
I'd go hand in hand through the fray  
And minister oh, so tenderly,  
At the close of each long day.

Dear lads, our hearts are yearning  
Though our lips smile and seem gay—  
Our fervent prayers are constant  
For Peace each night and day.

## “THE CONQUERORS”

OH Belgium, brave midst all thy ruins,  
In this thy sad and darkest hour  
Thy head bowed down, thy arms outstretched  
And stripped of all thy power.

Cling on, brave Belgium, to thy Flag!  
With hope and strength renewed  
Once more thou wilt rebuild thy walls  
And shall the foe subdue.

Fair Italy upon thy heights  
Stand firm steadfast and unafraid!  
Thy warriors bold shall thrust the foe  
Back over mountain peaks and glade.

And Thou, oh France, thy ancient walls  
Are pierced with vengeful shot and shell,  
Thy rivers flow with precious blood  
Of patriots who fought and fell.

Revered France, still undismayed,  
Though thousands lie in Flanders field  
Press to thy heart thy Emblem dear;  
“They shall not pass,” beyond thy steel.

Old England, from thy well loved land,  
Battling in France for justice dear,  
Oblivious to all shot and shell  
With courage grim from year to year.

Fight on, loved England as of old—  
Fight on, and conquer ye the foe;  
Fight on, till victory and peace  
Thy trumpets loud shall blow.

America, dear old freedom's land  
With glorious banner lifted high,  
Thy Stars and Stripes undaunted wave  
Against a clear and cloudless sky.

Thou too, hast left thy peaceful homes  
And sailed away across the sea,  
To fight for peace and loved ones dear,  
And carry on to Victory.

Great God of Love, who keepeth watch—  
To Thee, who gave us—Liberty—  
We'll follow each Thy guiding star  
To lasting Peace, and—Victory—

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

THERE'S a quaint little house on the hillside  
    Nestled close to a wee babbling brook;  
There lives my little sweetheart wife  
    Sheltered quietly in that cozy nook.  
I left at the call of the colors,  
    To follow the Red White and Blue—  
And her look of sweet devotion,  
    Told me, that she loved me true.

There's a light in our little window  
    To brighten my pathway home—  
There's a little blue star just beneath it,  
    To tell folks that I've gone.  
There's a dear wee wifie waiting  
    Near a cradle full of love;  
And a loving tender Father  
    Watching all from the skies above.

## "IT'S UP TO YOU"

OUT where the souls of men are called,  
There's a message for you and me,  
From your boy, my boy, our boys—  
To help win the Victory—

They have faith, and believe in our promise—  
That we're back of them every one.  
Let's hurry and answer their earnest call  
And each buy a Liberty Bond—

A helping hand we must lend them  
They have need of both you and me,  
Each one must do his very best  
To win the Victory—

So just buy a Bond to help our boys  
The dear lads far over the sea  
Who are fighting for your Freedom  
And the cause of Liberty—

They left their homes and firesides—  
And have sacrificed their lives  
Surely you can give up something  
So that Kings shall not deride.

Go ask your neighbor and your friends  
Leave not a stone unturned  
Our Flag—now waves o'er land and sea—  
And must ever be unfurled—

Come! hear the call for Liberty!  
A Bond you'll buy to win—  
A Bond, to stamp out bondage  
And stop the battles din—

Remember it is up to **you**  
We are Soldiers every one  
With **your** help we'll be Victorious  
And God will say—"Well done"—

## IF WE BUT KNEW

IF I but knew, before you went away  
That I would miss you so from day to day,  
If I but knew the birds would cease their song  
The sun, forgot to shine the whole day long.

If I but knew that I would lonely be  
When you had gone far, far away from me,  
One little word you might have heard me say  
To that sweet question old, but new always.

If you but knew, that ere you sailed away—  
There came to me, the thought to bid you stay,  
And then, I smiled, and waved a fond adieu,  
My heart was aching. Ah! if you but knew.

If you but knew, my sweetly tender thoughts  
You might have kissed me—caring, then for  
naught—  
Your hands clasped mine, in one last long  
farewell,  
Ah! then my heart a story had to tell.

If you come back to me and all is well,  
If you are spared through wanton shot and  
shell  
The sweetest story ever told—you'll tell  
again—  
And I shall happy be—but not till then—

## HELP WIN!

WE can't win the war by just hoping,  
We all must help to a man  
And keep dear "Old Glory" flying  
Over this, our native land.

We can't win the war by just wishing,  
Each one must be fair and square  
And willing to sacrifice all he holds dear  
For the soldier boys over there.

We know that you helped the Red Cross  
And thank you for buying a Bond;  
We pray you keep up the great, good work  
And sing as you march along.

Now, how about the Thrift Stamps?  
Have each of you bought your share  
To help us win the Victory  
And our boys to do and to dare?

Just smile as you reach in your pocket  
To bring forth the pennies or bills,  
And say, "Here's to the dear little Thrift  
Stamps,"

And join the great throng with a will.

You will always be happy when after the war  
You can say with pride and delight  
That you freely gave in each great drive  
For the cause that was just and right.

## THE LITTLE PATRIOT

IF I jest had a slingshot—  
Like Bill and all the rest,  
I wouldn't shoot at all the birds  
And chase them from their nests.

I'd go across the ocean—  
Jest as fast as I could go,  
And I'd shoot at all our enemies  
And conquer the old foe.

I'd be the Standard bearer too,  
And I'd wave and wave our Flag  
Till they would jest go right back home,  
An' make their mothers glad.

There's jest no use in fighting  
When it makes us all so sad  
Jesus said "To love each other"  
An' Oh, I hope they'll spare my dad.

I wish they'd quit their fighting  
So that Pop, and Bill, and Jim,  
Could come back home again to us  
And be like we've always been.

## OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME

OUR boys are coming home with dear "Old  
Glory"—

They'll soon be "Over Here" from far away  
They fought for Liberty, and gained the Vic-  
tory

Now back again they'll come in proud array.

With joyful hearts we'll meet our dearly loved  
ones

With pride we'll greet them coming from  
the fray

They fought for dear homeland each one as  
man to man

Like their Daddies, when they wore the  
Blue and Gray.

Their Grandaddies fought for Victory and  
Freedom

With Washington they fought to set us free  
They fought till they had won and the Liberty  
Bell was rung

And the Stars and Stripes waved o'er the  
land and sea.

They are marching over yonder from the bat-  
tle

They are sturdy stanch and true and in the  
right

They fought for you and me and this dear  
land of the free

With our Starry Emblem guiding day and  
night.

Once more we've gained sweet peace and  
blessed Victory

Again we've fought the fight with courage  
grim—

In God we put our trust for our cause we knew  
was just.

And now again the Liberty Bell will ring.

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

COME baby mine let's cuddle down,  
And keep real snug and warm,  
And let us dream of Daddy dear  
And pray he's kept from harm.

Let's dream we're with him o'er the sea,—  
Or that he is with us here.  
Dear darling baby close your eyes  
There's nothing now to fear.

Our Daddy's a great big Soldier,  
So brave and kind and true,  
And soon he'll come a sailing home,  
To mother dear and you.

So close your eyes in slumber, dear,  
The day is nearly done—  
And let's forget all else but him,  
Till the rising of the sun.

## THANKSGIVING

THERE'S a thankful prayer in our hearts  
    to-day  
For Victory, for Victory—  
We thank Thee, oh God,—for Thy mercy  
    alway,  
And for Victory for U. S. A.

The boys are returning Victorious  
Singing so gleeful and glorious  
There'll be grateful rejoicing for all of us  
For Victory for U. S. A.

Over the vanquished our banner will fly  
The Stars and Stripes shall wave through the  
    sky,  
Thankful praises we offer to Thee most High  
For Victory for U. S. A.

Many are left on that far foreign shore  
They brought Victory, Yes, Victory—  
Their names shall be glorified forevermore  
They brought Victory to U. S. A.

Send forth the tidings o'er mountain and plain  
Wave "Old Glory" o'er Freedoms domain—  
The "Union forever"—Still is our aim  
And—Peace—for U. S. A.

## “THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME”

FAR over yonder away o'er the sea—  
Somewhere a laddie is thinking of me,  
The twilight is ebbing the night shadows fall,  
And God is watching over them all.

The same stars are twinkling, the same moon  
beams shine,  
Over the trenches and that dear laddie of mine,  
Gathered around in the camp fires warm glow,  
Proudly they're singing these words sweet and  
low.

Oh, “There's no place like Home,” and we're  
coming back to thee,  
Home again, yes Home again, we've gained the  
Victory.  
Home to father, mother, sweetheart, sister,  
brother  
Oh, “There's no place like Home” and our dear  
Land of the free.

## HOME AT LAST

OUR boys are sailing home again  
From far across the sea  
So keep your torches burning bright,  
Until they greet old Liberty.

Hearts with true love ever yearning  
Beats for them on their homeland shore,  
Ready to welcome their joyful returning  
Home at last forevermore.

With "Old Glory" proudly flying  
Marching over field and fell  
Our dear loved ones home returning,  
Ring, oh ring the Liberty Bell.

There'll be greetings endless greetings,  
Joyful greetings as they pass  
And we'll welcome oh, so proudly  
All our dear ones home at last.

Home at last our lads triumphant,  
From the distant foreign shore—  
Home at last in glorious splendor,  
Safe within the fold once more.

Gather 'round the cheerful fireside!  
Gather 'round just as of yore!  
Sing aloud in grateful praises!  
Home at last forevermore.

Let it ring across the mountains—  
And across the ocean foam,  
Our great glad song of Triumph  
With sweet Peace once more at Home.

## “FIELDS OF VICTORY”

FAR over the fields of—Victory  
The poppies are nodding today  
Watching the silent sleepers,  
The Heroes who fell in the fray.

The birdies warble so sweetly  
Chanting their peaceful lay—  
Telling each soldier while he sleeps  
Of the joyous Victory day.

Ah, rest in your peaceful slumbers!  
You fell, but not in vain,  
Your valiant deeds of courage  
Are felt o'er mountain and plain.

Sleep on! Ye men of all nations!  
Aye, sleep neath God's glorious sun!  
Your names are emblazoned forever  
On God's Honor Roll—“Well Done.”











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